

The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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As our enlarged paper will afford us the room, we shall devote about a column in every number to a summary of the most important and interesting news of the week.

TERMS.—\$2.50 a year; Four copies \$6.00; Eight copies (including postage) \$12.00. One copy of The Post (\$2.50) and one of The LADY'S FRIEND (\$2.00) for \$4.00.

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Specimen copies sent free.

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We keep a well selected Stock of all the FINEST DRY GOODS, and for the convenience of persons at a distance from Charlotte, will take pleasure in filling orders promptly.

Dec. 15, 1871-50-2w Charlotte, N. C.

Ladies' Dress Goods.

LARGE STOCK OF LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS, Dress Trimmings, Embroideries, &c., &c., Orders solicited. Samples sent by mail.

Dec. 15, 1871-50-2w Charlotte, N. C.

THOS. R. PURNELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SALEM, N. C.,

WILL practice in the Courts of Forsyth, Yadkin, Surry, Stokes, Davie and Davidson Counties.

Prompt attention given to the collection and settlement of debts in all parts of the State.

June 10, 1871-54-4f W. A. LEMLY, Cashier.

Dec. 8, 1871-49-4m

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Salem, N. C., will be held at their Banking-House in Salem, on Tuesday, the 9th day of January next, at 3 P. M.

W. A. LEMLY, Cashier.

INK STANDS—Counting House, and

Pocket Tilden (non-spilling) Inkstand.

Select Miscellany.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

Let him who has never suffered from the horrors of bashfulness pass by this article. But he who knows the exquisite misery of a temperament, whose very nature almost shuts him out from human sympathy, while it opens upon him the full sluices of laughter and ridicule, he only should read it, for he only can understand this chapter of my sufferings.

It is but a specimen of my life, and as my object is only to give a specimen of the numerous predicaments that incessantly beset me the moment I appear in ladies' society, I shall merely speak of those that befell me at the only dinner in Paris to which I was invited.

Though laden with introductory letters I never delivered another.

I pass by the various efforts I made before I could muster sufficient resolution to deliver to Madame O——, the letter that proffered for me, and a friend that came with me, the dinner in question. I pass by, too, my trepidation at the everlasting peal at which the door-bell responded to my timid touch. I pass by also, several minor blunders, such as asking the porter to direct us to "la chambre de Madame"—meaning, of course, her drawing room. Suffice it to say that my less nervous companion, dictionary in hand, boldly led the way; that having traversed a goodly number of courts and stairs we at length arrived safely at an ante-room, where stood a servant before a pair of folding doors, which he threw wide open, and announced us by a pair of names that we never should have recognized as our own, had we met them elsewhere.

Already agitated, and perspiring with nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode of entrance, so different from the republican sympathy to which I was accustomed, was the finishing blow to my courage. I slunk silently behind my unabashed companion and endeavored to control the tremor that shook me like an ague fit. Madame O—— rose to receive us; and, as we approached her it became necessary for me to deploy from behind my friend. But in so doing, I did not notice a large pet dog, who was comfortably stretched on a red velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mistress, directly in my path. On I went, anxious only to get through the introductory ceremonies as soon as possible, and then seek some remote corner where,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
I might escape all notice or remark."

But, truly says the proverb, "Man proposes but God disposes;" and very unfortunate were their dispositions for my intention. As I hastened on, all glowing with confusion, and began my bow, I stumbled over the detested pet, who was suddenly precipitated head foremost, like an ancient battering ram, into the lap of an elegant young lady, whom the Fates would have sitting in that particular spot. In my headlong career, I overturned a countryman of my own, who was seated next to her, balancing himself on the two hind legs of his chair. To save himself, he instantly grasped the back of her chair, and his weight at her rear, acting at the same time that I was hurled at her in front, decided all hesitation, and over we rolled together, the chairs uppermost. The vile cur, who had been at the bottom of the whole mischief, taking advantage of the opportunity, now attacked me in the rear, in a highly effective manner, and receiving a hearty kick in return, added his infernal howling to the chorus of dismay that now filled the apartment. Happily the female sufferer in the melee engrossed all the sympathy and attention of the company, but I well knew that in the short time which had elapsed since I entered the room, I had made three mortal enemies, of a lady, a man and a dog.

For my own part, as soon as I had extricated myself from the terrible crash, I retreated into the most remote and obscure corner, there to hide behind the gauze curtains of my overwhelming mortification. The call to dinner seemed to offer relief to my embarrassment, for I hoped that engrossing every one's attention, which now was sure, must be occupied with my awkwardness.

Following the company into the dining-room, I saw each plate contained a card, on which was written the name of the guest who was to occupy that place. Every one seemed to find his own place, as if by magic; but for me—four or five times did I make the circuit of the table, looking in vain for mine. Indeed, I might have continued running about unnoticed among the crowd of servants, all dinner time, had not Madame O——'s eye at length detected me as I circled round and round with hysterically increasing rapidity, eyes dim with confusion, and a clammy perspiration oozing from every pore; guided to my proper place I sank into my chair, exhausted with mortification. Here again I found myself embarrassed with my hat, which I grasped with desperate pertinacity. This I at length disposed of, as I thought at the time, with wonderful ingenuity, for I hung it by the brim between my knees, spreading my handkerchief over its open cavity.

My seat was next to a young lady, whom of course, I was expected to entertain. I entertain! Wofully, indeed, had I already entertained the company, but I found myself infinitely better fitted to entertain the company *en masse* than *singulatim*.

The ordinary routine of French dinner now commenced. Soup and bouillabaisse, fish, fowl and flesh, while a regular series of servants appeared each instant at our ebow, inviting us to partake of a thousand and different dishes and many kinds of wine, all under strings of names that gave me not the remotest idea of their nature. Despairing at length of understanding the

servants, or of being understood by them, I abandoned myself to a desparate compliance, saying only, "oui," and accepting everything that was offered me, eating meanwhile, with most heroic application.

Thus matters went on, till in an evil moment, my fair neighbor, weary of my tactlessness, at length herself began a conversation by asking how I was pleased with the opera?

The question was put at an unlucky instant; I was just raising a large morsel of potato to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heaven! It was not hot as burning lava. What could I do! The lady's eyes were fixed on me, awaiting a reply to her question. But, my mouth was in flames. In vain I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were streaming from their sockets.

She regarded my grimaces with such an expression of amazement as one would naturally have, under the circumstances, who was ignorant of their cause. My mouth was now flayed with the burning mass—to think of swallowing it seemed like facing certain death, so, quietly abandoning the point, I opened my mouth to its utmost, and out dropped the infernal firebrand upon my plate.

Not the slightest tendency to a smile visibly ruffled the countenance of my fair companion. She soothingly consoled with me, my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till I began to forget even my own blunders, and even ventured to hope, nay to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of my calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no one call himself happy before death," said Solon; and he said wisely.—

My cup was not yet full. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower nicely done in butter. This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled, and when my fair neighbor enquired if I was fond of "chou-fleur," I verily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it, that my plate was soon bountifully laden with it.—Alas! one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the "chou-fleur" had vanished along with it. But that remained bodily, and I gazed in despair on the mass that loomed up like Vesuvius before me, and my heart died within me.

I could almost as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, but ashamed to confess my mistake, I struggled manfully on against the diabolical compound. I endeavored to sap the head at its base, and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth, to imbue as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began to revolt. It happened at this juncture that in the earnestness and rapidity of my exertions to despatch the task before me, my plate some how got over the edge of the table, and as I leaned forward in my desperate work, I tilted it up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under it, and a great portion of it was thus safely deposited in my hat.

The plate instantly righted itself, and as I glanced my eye around the table and saw that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolving not to be detected, I hastily rolled my handkerchief together with all its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, and I sought out what I considered a safe resting place for my hat, which I dared not carry longer in my hand, and threw a piece of paper into the crown to hide the cauliflower from view, should any one chance, in seeking for his hat, look to into mine.

On my return to the parlor I chance to be again seated by my lady companion of the dinner table. Our conversation was mutually resumed and we were in the midst of an animated talk, when a huge spider was seen running like a race horse, up her arm. "Take it off, take it off!" she shrieked in terrified tones, that attracted the attention of the whole company. I was always afraid of spiders—so to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides.

Gracious goodness! I had forgotten the cauliflower! which now plastered over her face like a poultice, effectively killing the spider, and blinding an eye of the lady, while the streams of melted butter glistened gaily down her beautiful neck and bosom.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" gasped the astonished fair one. "Mon Dieu!" was echoed from every mouth.

"Have you cut your head?" inquired one. "No! No!—the spider, the spider, Monsieur has crushed the spider!"

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously, to himself.

Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable had splattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket but much of its contents remained within it.

"What a monster it must have been," exclaimed a young lady as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel plight;

"I declare, I should think it had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw the friend who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes

upon my once white garments, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting upon the fat pocket and had crushed out the liquid butter and the soft paste-like vegetable, which had dabbed and dripped down, till it seemed as if I was actually dissolving in my partitions.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat, but before I could reach it a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sacr-e! beast! Sacr-e!" rolling like a watchman's rattle, mingled with other epithets and names than an angry Frenchman never spares, were heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door:

Suddenly there was a pause, a gurgling choking sound, and then the storm of wrath broke out with renewed fury.

I seized my hat and opened the door, and the whole matter was soon explained. We had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, moustache, ears and whiskers.

Never shall I forget that spectacle!

There he stood astride like the Colossus at Rhodes, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held drooping from his body and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore.

I stood no longer, but retreating his hat, I rushed from the scene, jumped into a cab and arriving home, buried myself in the solitude of my lodgings, forever from the world.

The Swedes in Maine—Their Habits and Styles of Dress.

A correspondent has been writing some letters about the new Swedish colony in the northern part of Maine. The account of their personal habits and dress is interesting as follows:

"Do tell us about them, how they look and what they wear?" "Nearly all that have been described possess dark hair and eyes." "I thought the Swedes were always light," suggested somebody. And generally they are. These few were exceptions, and came from the south of Sweden. The most of them are short and thick of stature, with round, florid faces, light flaxen hair, and small, round, exceedingly light, blue eyes, which, though they are both pleasant and intelligent, seem dull compared with sharp, restless Yankee eyes. They have long foreheads, and plump, protruding cheeks, giving a rot

A despatch from Washington city, dated 7th inst., says: "The Treasury Department has again suffered a loss of about fifty-thousand dollars through a defalcation by dishonest clerks. Frederick A. Marden, chief of the division of accounts in the United States Treasurer's office, one of those in whom the officers of the department placed such implicit trust that he was recently selected to accompany some of the new five per cent. bonds to Europe, was arrested yesterday afternoon for having embezzled \$15,000 of government money, which had been placed in his possession for safe-keeping, transfer and disbursement. Further investigations have implicated with him Mr. Seth Johnson, a clerk in the cash-room, whose cash has been found from \$35,000 to \$40,000 short. The complaint against Marden was made in the Police court of the District by William A. Barton, a special detective of the Treasury Department, and he was arrested at his residence in Georgetown. As he was unable to find bail, he was at once placed in the District jail. Mr. Johnston will probably be arrested to-night."

On the morning of the 16th inst., the material train on the Va. & Tenn. R. R. struck a broken rail on the bridge over Dry Creek Hollow, and two caboose cars and two flats were precipitated over the bridge, about thirty feet fall. One of the cars caught fire from a kerosene lamp, and both cabooses, both flats and the bridge were destroyed. Conductor Robert A. Fugus and a colored man named Griffin were burned to ashes, no vestige of their remains being found. The former was alive in the burning car when the engineer reached him, but all efforts to rescue him were unavailing. He told the engineer to leave him to his fate, and the last word he was heard to utter was "Amen."

A party of seventeen emigrants were frozen to death on the prairie, a week or so ago, in Saline county, Nebraska. It seems they were several miles from any house or piece of woods, and the men of the party started off to hunt fuel. As they did not return, the women started to look them up. Next day the bodies of both men and women were found frozen stiff. The little children, who were left covered up warmly in the wagons, were the only survivors of the party.

A dispute, about some personal matter, occurred on the 11th inst., at St. Petersburg, between the Prince Imperial of Russia and the Prince de Reuss, Minister of the German Empire to Russia, in which the passions of both were aroused, and the former so far forgot his dignity as to pound the Minister's face, and otherwise assault him. The princes were dragged apart by friends, and it is hoped no grave national quarrel may grow out of the affair.

The New Orleans *Bee* says that the election of Pinchbeck, a negro of no particular principle, to the presidency of the Louisiana Senate, which position entitles him to the office of Governor in the event of the present incumbent's (Warmoth) resignation, death, or inability to act, was procured by Warmoth to secure himself against impeachment, as no one who has any love for the State would desire to see Pinchbeck Governor.

It leaked out during the Ku Klux trials at Columbia, S. C., the other day, that one of the witnesses for the prosecution had been to Washington and had been there paid \$200 by Akerman. This is an awfully bad exposure for the Attorney General of the United States.

There is no little excitement in New York regarding the standing of some of the National Banks. Several are supposed to be rotten. The Stuyvesant Bank and the Ocean Bank recently failed, and on the 13th inst., the suspension of the Eighth National bank was announced.

The Chicago *Tribune* (Republican) attributes the defalcation of Hodges to the drunken habits of the Paymaster-General, and insists upon temperance being made an essential qualification for any place of trust under government.

The Bostonians are laughing at their universal efforts last week to thaw out their hydrants with boiling water, having discovered that the obstruction by ice was in the main at the reservoir, twenty miles away, more or less.

Near Gainesville, Ga., a vein of silver ore, said to be from three to ten feet thick, has been discovered. The ore will yield forty dollars a ton.

SAPOLIO. For house cleaning, washing dishes, oil cloths, tables, cleaning window paint, knives, and polishing tin, brass an all metals, use Knob Morgan's Sons, Saplio. It is cheaper and better than soap. Get it from your Grocer, or at 211 Washington street, N. Y. [49-1f.]

THE MARKETS.

SALEM, N. C., Dec. 29, 1871.

Provisions, Chop, 2

Bacon, 12@ 15 Brand, 14

Lard, 15@ 20 Gras, 1

Pork, 6@ 7 Wheat, 1 50@ 60

Beef, 3@ 7 Corn, 65@ 70

Veal, 5@ 8 (old) 00@ 00

Mutton, 6@ 8 Rye, 75@ 90

Batter, 25@ 00 Oats, 60@ 60

Flour, 4@ 4 Peas, 75@ 00

DANVILLE TOBACCO MARKET.

DANVILLE, Dec. 26.

The receipts have fallen off since last quotations, market animated, with an upward tendency, the lower grades having fully recovered from the decline noticed last week.

Lugs—Common, Red, \$4.00 to \$5.00

" Good working, 5.00 to 7.00

" Corn, Bright, 8.00 to 10.00

" Fine, 15.00 to 25.00

Extra lots higher.

Leaf—Common Red, 4.50 to 6.00

" Good, 6.00 to 8.00

" Good, rich, waxy, 8.00 to 10.00

" Common Bright, 10.00 to 15.00

" Good, 15.00 to 25.00

" Fine, 25.00 to 40.00

" Extra fine lots, 40.00 to 60.00

New York, Dec. 26.—Cotton, 20@ 20

FLOUR, 7.25 to 8.00; Corn, 76@ 78

Wheat, 1 56@ 1 69; Gold, 100@ 100; Bonds, N. C. old, 30@ 1 20@ 20.

Baltimore, Dec. 26.—Cotton, 18@ 19@

FLOUR, 6.25 to 7.50; Wheat, \$1.35 to \$1.55; Corn 00 white, 65@ 70 yellow, 72@ 73; Oats, 53@ 50

Bacon, 7@ 10; Whisky, 99@ 100; Lard 10@ 10@

Richmond, Dec. 26.—Wheat, \$1.55 to 1.68

Corn 62@ 67; Oats 58@ 60; Flour, extra, \$7.50

a \$5.75 per barrel.

Norfolk, Dec. 26.—Bacon, sides, 7@ 9;

Corn 65@ 69; Flour \$7.50 to \$8.00

Charlotte, Dec. 19.—Bacon, 9@ 10@

Flour, 3.90@ 4.00; Corn, 75@ 80; Oats, 60@ 65

Wheat, 40@ 44@ 48; Whisky, \$0.00@ 0.00

Fayetteville, Dec. 13.—Bacon, 10@ 15@

Flour, \$6.60@ 7.50; Corn \$1.00@ 1.00; Oats, 82@

Rye, \$1.10; Wheat, 71@ 50; Lard, 15; Whisky, \$2.25; Brandy, \$2.50

Petersburg, Dec. 27.—Flour, \$6.50@

\$7.50; Wheat, 4@ 1 20@ 1 40; White, \$1.35

a \$1.50; Corn, 65@ 70; Bacon, hog round, 13

a 13@; Whisky, \$0.00; Brandy \$2.40@ 3.00

Instand—Counting House, and

Pocket Tilden (non-spilling) Instand.

THE ECLECTIC for January contains two fine steel engravings "Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham," and "Irving and his Friends." To those who wish a magazine which gives the most unexceptionable resume of Foreign literature, we recommend the Eclectic as one of the best of that class of periodicals. R. E. Pelton, Publisher, 108 Fulton Street, New York. \$5 a year.

THE Christmas number of APPLETON'S JOURNAL is magnificent; full of fine engravings and literary articles of merit, both instructive and amusing. It is valuable as a repository of varied literature, calculated to entertain and give a taste for general reading, while its engravings justify its reputation as a journal of Art. \$4 in advance. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, 549 and 551 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for January opens with "The Legend of the Mistletoe," followed by "Holland and the Hollanders," a very entertaining article. "The Dauphin West Indies" containing many things not generally known. "Visit to a Greenland Glacier," making one shiver as if really in that inhospitable clime. The "Poets of the Zodiac" is a curious and pleasing article. "Christmastide, of course, comes in for a full share, making a very readable number, \$4 a year. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

SCRIBNER for January is full of seasonable articles. The engravings are among the finest ever printed in this country. Its merits as a good literary magazine are recognized everywhere, and the present number is a specimen of what may be expected in 1872. The "Big Trees and the Yosemite" are among its most entertaining papers. The Christmas articles are as good as the best. A vein of genial humor runs through its pages, making it the grand holiday number which was expected from the worthy publishers, Messrs. Scribner & Co., 664 Broadway, New York. \$4 a year.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.—This venerable journal makes its appearance rejuvenated and improved. Its contents show great judgment in its conductors, all the articles being of practical value. Every topic interesting to the agriculturist, suitable for the season, is treated, and the contributors include men of the highest position in agriculture. The article by the Hon. Willoughby Newton, of Virginia, on "Agriculture in the South," is written with the ability and in the spirit of a statesman, and will attract general attention. Besides Agriculture proper, the Farmer has departments devoted to the Dairy, Horticulture, Stock and Poultry, as well as to Household Economy, the Fireside, and Rural Architecture.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE begins the year with an excellent story entitled "Sea and Shore, or the Tramps of a Traveller" full of adventure, in which our old friends Phil and Larry meet again. Elijah Kellogg commences his "Whispering Pines," the third of his popular College Series. Miss Wheelwright continues her "Legends of Northland," followed by a host of Seasonable Tales and Sketches, making it one of the leading periodicals for Young Folks in this country. \$2.50 a year. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

THE WEATHER.

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 22.—Heavy snow prevails on the plains, and the weather is the severest that has been felt for many years.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 22.—The thermometer ranges from zero to fourteen degrees below. The river is frozen over at several points—the first time within seven years.

TORONTO, Dec. 22.—The weather is very cold throughout the Dominion, the thermometer varying from sixteen to sixty degrees below zero.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.—Heavy rains and high winds have prevailed throughout the State. The merchants loose heavily by the delay in the delivery of Christmas goods from the East, and they threaten to sue the Union Pacific road for damages.

OMAHA, Dec. 23.—The late snow storm was very severe, and extended through the mountains to the Pacific coast. The Western trains are reported snow bound, with a prospect that several days will be required to clear away obstructions.

There was a very severe gale at the West on Saturday. Several buildings in St. Louis were blown down or injured. At Chicago the storm did considerable damage to the buildings in course of erection. The inside walls of the Tribune office were more or less damaged. Mr. Morton's new building, on Washington street, which had been carried up four stories, was almost completely demolished.

TORONTO, December 22.—It is very cold throughout the dominion, the thermometer varying from sixteen to sixty degrees below zero.

SAFETY MATCHES.

Superior advantages offered in the way of Cloths, Cassimere and Tweeds. Ready Made Overcoats, Shirts, a large stock, Knit Shirts and Drawers, Shawls, Blankets, &c., &c.

NOTIONS.

A well selected variety, consisting of Ladies Shawls, double and single, of every description; Scarfs, Nubias and Hoods; Children's Fancy Stockings, and in fact, almost everything that can be required in this class of goods.

BOOTS and SHOES.

A fine assortment, selected with great care, from the best manufacturers.

LEATHER.

We have secured a very fine stock of Upper and Sole Leather, from the very best tanners of Davidson, Yadkin and Forsyth counties. Always a good stock of Hemlock Leather on hand. Shoemaker's Findings, &c., &c.

HATS and CAPS.

of the latest styles and in great variety.

DRUGS, MEDICINES and

DYE-STUFFS,

warranted to be undiluted.

WINDOW GLASS,

by the pane or box.

HARDWARE.

Having had considerable experience in the Hardware trade, we flatter ourselves that we have secured the finest stock ever brought to this market. Builders, Cabinet-Makers and others will find it to their interest to call upon us, before purchasing elsewhere.

Any description of Hardware, such as

Sash and Circular Saws, Mortising Machines, &c., will be ordered at any time, and sold at manufacturer's prices.

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock, \$150,000

Surplus Fund, 9,000

Discount, 4,010.70

Exchange, 431.37

Current Expenses, 1,140.43

Prepaid Rent, 7,000.00

Bills of other National Banks, 2,035.30

Fractional Currency, 700.04

Specie, 1,160.00

Legal Tender Notes, 30,000.00

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, ON SATURDAY THE 16TH OF DECEMBER, 1871.

RESOURCES.

LOANS AND DISBURSEMENTS, \$173,908.15

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation, 150,000.00

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